

Mutual burn

Curimuch

Kirby

Complete



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Summary

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Description

Chilidog, the fierce demon from hell has a burn to kill. It manages to bring that burn to kill out of everyone it crosses paths with, even Kirby, living up to truly being a creature from hell.

Chapter 1

Metaknight had a developed sense for feeling omens. Once trapped in the world of ruins years ago ‘gifted’ him with such a sense. The average person wouldn’t take a cloudy day so seriously as he, but there was more to the sky when it came to this knight. Something fierce was being downloaded and it was fierce enough to alter the weather; the creature must’ve been truly evil. He had an intent stare out of the window as his nerves shook on an occasion, it felt like he recognized whatever he was sensing.

“Sir Metaknight!”

“Chilidog is here!!”

Metaknight cringed when he heard his followers alert him of the presence of a demon beast that literally spawned from hell itself. His feelings were true, and it made him anxious that the fierce creature from his past managed to find its way here. He rushed past them immediately, initiating all focus to sense where the hell spawn would be. His heart lead him through the hallways that echoed with the sound of sirens blasting at great volume that kept him from having a clear mind. He made it to the courtyard gardens, and the air there was thick and humid. He heard a wail from Kirby and a worried call from his young friend and felt fear surge through him unlike ever before. He immediately jumped through the fountain and worriedly cried, “Kirby!!”

Time was short and instantaneous, and he did not see Chilidog, but his golden blade struck it’s offending claws. He landed in front of Kirby and angrily swiped at the vicious and large red dog to make it distance itself. Once his eyes focused on the foul demon, his grip on his sword tightened and his eyes were shifting from neutrality to different colors, showing his anxiety of the situation. He was nearly few seconds flat from missing Kirby’s life, and if he had missed it, Chilidog would’ve met a fury like no other. Intensity burned from him to Chilidog and back; there was a *mutual need* to kill between them both. He threateningly whipped the air with a quick swing of his sword as his response to Chilidog’s hisses.

Flow was shaken by Blade and Sword running in front of him, but he managed to keep calm and state, “I want you to protect Kirby no mater what happens, understood?” Chilidog was *his* opponent, and the

reasons were growing by each offense the hell spawn made. Once Kirby was carried away and his followers left to do as told, he felt that need rise inside once again. "It's been a long time, Chilidog..." He said as examined the growling, fire breathing dog. The demon beast grew much bigger compared to the time when it was a puppy in the ruined world, he figured it had gotten much stronger since then.

He also felt the desire of vengeance from it.

Chilidog decided to notch it up a bit and lunged forward with it's enormous claws ready, Metaknight readied a defensive take as it slashed for him. He parried the first and the second with ease and tried to slash at the jugular. The dog was as quick as he was, if not more so, and slammed both claws down on it's smaller opponent. It was flipped into the air by his remarkable strength and snarled in frustration. It kept its distance and coughed fire at Metaknight who leaped over each one it spat at him in hate and rage. Chilidog was made of fire, and it burned to kill, it hunted his dark colored foe intent to shread him up if possible, for what he done to him in the past. It's physical scars had healed, but not the trauma of being drenched in water.

Metaknight didn't want to lead it back into the castle, but it was where his light footing took him. He once had the upper hand, but back into the castle halls brung him back down to the level of anxiety and fear. He hadn't a clue where in the castle Kirby was, and it was hard to predict who Chilidog wanted more. He was growing very short of breath keeping up with Chilidog, and he gave his position of weakness away to hint the dog to smog the tight hallways. He was dazed, but his will was strong enough to lead him out of the smoke and counter another claw slash. He was getting tired from the matured demon dog, but he remembered what he swore his life on and that fueled him more than any sword or star tool ever could. Kirby was his beacon of hope more so than making sure his own life did not end.

He was too proud of Kirby and cared for him too much to let him be killed by Dedede and his twisted idea of pets and toys. Even if he died in exhaustion taking this dog down, he would be satisfied. His heart pounded fiercely in pain and in determination as he managed to gash Chilidog's waistline.

"Sir Metaknight!" He heard Sword cry out and foolishly ready his weapon.

This annoyed him, and in this very moment he could not understand why, but he managed to command, "Stay back!" he

couldn't say anymore because he was trying to regain his focus and push himself to the limits. He could tell Chilidog had grown sick of him and was trying to get over him, but he would be damned if he let it get past him, no matter how small he was compared to it. He leaped into the air and aimed to slash through it horizontally.

But it pierced his face with it's fang instead.

Despite the sensation of his muscles tightening up painfully before they slowly died out, he tried to turn around, but his feet were the first to shut down and he fell over onto his side. His body was freezing over, but his mind was racing as was his heart and emotions. He could not move and it was driving his short amount of time left into despair and dissatisfaction. He couldn't tell he was being turned over until he saw his followers. He felt himself fading, and he was strongly saddened by this. His arm still had feeling and he rose it up to show the bit of power he had left. He needed to get that and his message out.

"Protect him... Protect..Kirby..." He lost all feeling of everything, and hadn't notice his arm hit the ground, but he still pushed to get his entire message out and choked, "I beg of you..." He only made wishes for himself to fill, but this was something he couldn't fulfill in the dead, and it pained his pride and his heart. He swore to himself to protect Kirby as long as he lived, but now he was helplessly fading in the middle of rubble of the castle halls. He never thought too much about death, but he was now realizing just how much he feared it, and how helpless it could make one feel.

One of his most prized aspects of himself, his mind, was fading. Things darkened around him and he could not even hear. He could no longer think but to accept and drift away.

A/N: This is a minific based off of the rightfully famous episode of Chilidog. I was very moved by this episode and simply just wanted to write it. I'm going to be writing it in parts: First was Metaknight's, soon will be Kirby's, and if I think I can do it, a bonus take for Sword and Blade.

Chapter 2

Kirby was confused of the situation and the commotion going around him. He understood that there was a demon beast, but he couldn't understand the worrisome energy he felt from Metaknight at the fountain. He was now watching Blade trying to pull a fang that managed to pierce so deeply in Metaknight's forehead. He frowned in worry for his strongest friend because he knew that something like this meant a lot of trouble, but whenever he tried to get close, Fumu would pull him away. Blade had given up, and he was growling his frustrations as his companion Sword said something with disappointment. He couldn't understand what they were saying, but he surely felt the bad emotions in the air.

When he tried to get past Fumu once again, Sword and Blade charged away and made him roll into a table's leg. He was used to such things happening and immediately rolled back onto his little red feet. He ran after them, knowing just where they were going growling like that. He was pleased he seemed to have gotten away, but his sisterly friend lifted him up over her head and scolded him. She locked the door shut and looked out the windows once more. The little confused puff sighed and turned around to see Metaknight again. No one was paying much attention to the couch he was on now, and Kirby took it as his chance to examine his senior. He managed to climb up the couch with a bit of struggle, and gotten no response from the knight when he climbed up.

He leaned over and felt sad that his eyes did not have that kind glow to them like they usually had. He kept silent as he observed, and noticed that he was not breathing either. He frowned at the knight he looked up to and always tried to make proud. Even though he was right here, he felt so far away to the baby warrior. The frown he had now was the heaviest that he had ever wore and he felt an intense burn in his eyes the longer he looked at Metaknight.

"Kirby, oh you poor thing. You shouldn't be near this situation!" Memu cooed and pulled him away from Metaknight. Kirby was reluctant to be pulled away, but he didn't get a strong enough grip on the unresponsive Metaknight. Memu firmly placed him into her soft and warm lap, and proceeded to pet him. "It'll be okay, Kirby."

Kirby didn't feel okay, neither did he feel like it would be okay in the future. He didn't try to turn to see Metaknight because of how firm

Fumu's mother's hold was. He instead kept thinking of his kind voice in his memory. Something was very serious if Metaknight jumped in to help him, and a little desperately as well. He tapped his feet together in the same way a person would fiddle with their thumbs; Kirby was at a loss.

Chilidog couldn't feel the full victorious effect that he had taken down the one called 'Metaknight', neither did he feel achievements for throwing flames at his subordinates trying to attack him in the flaming kitchen. The hallways were heavily smogged again, his personal style of a trap chamber he enjoyed setting up. He needed to go for the tiny one whose blood smelt similar enough to boil him up; it felt like he didn't finish the deed. Not out of the commands of Dedede or Nightmare, but of his own affairs. The smaller blob that cooed was near, he could smell him despite how much was burning.

The smog was slightly over whelming to Kirby, but he decided to give inhaling a try. The smog was thick at first, but his body filtered and purified it shortly after he inhaled it. He was aiming to clear the halls because he wanted a clear space to fight at, and he could hear the dog's claws scraping on the marble flooring, he was actually picking it up amongst his inhaling. He was getting tired from the inhaling, especially how he was putting more spirit into it, but he learned how to push himself in dire situations like this.

"Kirby! Spit it back! Spit it back!" Fumu cried out in fear that the wolf was clearing in as the smog cleared up. As much as Kirby wanted to face the demon himself, he didn't want to scare Fumu. He did as told and spit back at Chilidog with all of his might. He was proud he had the power to push it away like that, but right away he was lifted up and carried away to another room. The door was locked shut by Lololo&Lalala, but he still tried to open it regardless.

"Really, you guys are way too reckless!" Fumu began as she placed her hands on her hips in the manner that always caused Kirby to hide.

"We were doing it for the sake of our lord!"

Kirby tilted his head at the argument taking place. This didn't feel like a plan was being formed unlike earlier times, it felt like there was verbal fighting going on instead. He watched everyone exchange words waiting for it to calm down. His attention wandered back to the fallen knight, and just as he got the nerve to inhale the door down, smoke began to seep its way into the room that they were in. Lololo and Lalala yanked the door open and Kirby followed after them,

ignoring Fumu's calls. Sprinklers were extinguishing the flames along with flooding all the gaping holes on the ground. While looking up amazed at all of the water being sprayed, Fumu had picked him up once again.

"Fumu, let's go to the top of the castle!" Blade said and lead the way.

As Kirby was carried by Fumu, he could see just about everything that was troubling him right in front of him. Metaknight carried by Memu and Parm, and Sword and Blade taking the lead yet again. Kirby really disliked being carried around when he could be trying to protect his friends. He could understand where Blade and Sword were coming from, but he felt they've done their part enough. He was kept near his friend's parents as she tried to keep hold of Sword and Blade jumping into battle yet again. Kirby also weaseled his way away from the nonfighters and watched the young fighters get helplessly tossed around.

He was feeling a burn of anger inside that reflected on his features. His frown of worry and sadness was now of frustration and determination. It sizzled the more Blade and Sword tried to keep up with the fierce demon. Kirby was thinking of his own struggles and wondered if this was how his friends felt when he first started fighting and all they did, or could do, was watch. He also wondered if this was the kind of burning feeling to protect and preserve justice that Metaknight felt and fought for. He had nothing to fight with but one thing. In one swift motion, he pulled Metaknight's sword from his sheath and positioned just as Metaknight had. The hilt alone was very heavy, and it only gotten heavier after the bright light materialized the weapon into place.

He wasn't going to show or allow weakness anymore and jumped off the ledge just as Blade and Sword had. Maintaining balance in the air whilst holding a very heavy sword proved to be difficult, but he was trying to not let that discourage him. But as always, in the nick of time, his warp star came to the rescue. He grabbed on tightly and gave the dog a satisfying tackle. Despite the aggressive invite, the hell dog raced off from the now very damp castle grounds. Just like how he was giving it his all, Sword and Blade were still giving it their all and chased the dog down.

He couldn't push the warpstar and maintain the will of the Galaxia sword, but he still managed to catch up. When Chilidog was on point, he jumped off of his warpstar and allowed the sword's weight to bring him down. He clashed with the emblem on Chilidog's head and

pressed onto it with all of his might. As he done this, he glared into it's amber eyes. It's glare was more ferocious than his and intense enough to burn. Chilidog snarled and pushed him away with the strong bridge of its nose. Kirby wasn't surprised to be tossed up so high as much as he was that he lost his grip on Metaknight's prized sword. He inhaled it, and the sword in his tummy alone gave him a incredible warmth and sense of strength. He swallowed it and it returned into his possession but now in a weight that he could handle much easier. Prior to his transformation, Metaknight's subordinates were wrestling Chilidog in the pond.

He held up the sword into the air like the royal object that it was and focused his heart and memories into it. The sword's light was strengthened with his light, and he held onto it dearly before he tossed it at Chilidog. It was a big part of himself that he was getting ready to throw away, because if this didn't work he would likely meet a similar fate to Metaknight's. Kirby braved for this and stroked the sword. The large beam cut through everything in its path without weakening or faltering, and it consisted until it mercilessly went through Chilidog. Kirby was tired and close to losing his balance on the warpstar, but he held his ground. He felt more relief than triumph when he watched Chilidog explode into oblivion once and for all.

He landed on a small edge of a hill and watched the pond he disrupted settle back into neutrality. Things were beginning to feel well once again despite the level of fatigue he was experiencing. But the feeling of the Galaxia in his hand kept him standing. The feeling of this sword was unlike any other he had held before, regardless if he possessed it with or without transformation. It wasn't power he was clinging onto, it was the idea and presence of Metaknight.

Chapter 3

It felt like he had a very bad dream when he woke up; cold sweat and an incredibly sore body. He couldn't *recall* what happened previously, but he could definitely feel the effects from it. He felt around and realized that the Galaxia was missing. His heart skipped a beat astounded and confused by this because not just anyone can pick up that particular sword.

"Kirby has it!" He heard Bun exclaim.

"...Kirby?" He asked to confirm he had heard right. Kirby wasn't anywhere in sight, and Bun wouldn't be so amazed if he wasn't okay. The child somehow wielded his sword that could kill those it didn't find strong enough to hold it. His brain was slightly freezing over from trying to think and understand so much all at once. He was wondering why he was on top of the castle, how Kirby wielded the Galaxia and why, and what could have possibly weakened him.

"Yeah! He jumped off the castle and tackled the demon beast with the warp star! And then to be even cooler he hunted it down and everything!!"

"Bun! Stop being so excited! I'm worried about Kirby! If that demon could do such a horrible thing to Metaknight..!"

"But look, the curse is lifted so things are fine!"

"Kirby didn't come back, now did he? I need to go see if he's okay!!"

"Oh would you two stop arguing? Calm yourselves and just wait!" Memu scolded her arguing children.

The injured knight was thankful Memu stopped the fighting, all the bickering was hurting his head even more. He didn't have the strength to be the sense of reason at the moment, and decided to spend what little of his energy left trying to stand up. He saw Parm's hands stretched out in case he were to stumble, and as he stood up, he felt faint and just about stumbled over. He was caught by Parm and placed against the wall once more.

"Well, looks like you can't stand up after all," Parm said and crossed his arms in a concerned manner.

Metaknight sighed and had no choice but to wait. Usually he was a

very patient adult, but very rarely did he feel so out of the loop of things. He still felt as if he didn't remember *everything* that had occurred, and neither did he feel like asking questions; he had great pride being the know-all person. He disguised his constant sighing as exhausted breathers because he couldn't help but sigh. From what he could see, the area was soaked and there was all kinds of equipment everywhere as waddledees frantically ran around cleaning. He kept thinking, "Just what could have happened?"

"That... fire breathing dog was the most terrifying demon beast I ever saw. I didn't think such a kind existed..." Fumu thought aloud to herself.

Metaknight winced and urged to get up again, but Memu held him in place. This was the worst in years that Metaknight had felt like this. Chilidog was obviously dead if the curse that was briefly mentioned was lifted, but just where was Kirby? Is he injured out there? Is he even alive? He palmed his face and kept control of vocalizing his frustrations. If Kirby didn't come up soon, he will brand himself as a failure for losing such a valuable young star.

Just when he removed his palm from his face, he saw Kirby and his two followers sharing the warp star. Once the three landed, he could see how fixated Kirby was with him; he felt the same way inside. Kirby couldn't be happier to see that glow in Metaknight's eyes once again. He ran as fast as he could to him with the Galaxia dragging behind him, and gave the blue knight the biggest hug he could give with his stubby arms.

"Yay..." Kirby murmured and shifted to his side a bit. Though he was happy, he was incredibly tired after that sword beam and the chaos in general. Before he knew it, he was sleeping on the bigger and injured puff he worried about.

"He did a sword beam similar to yours, Sir," Sword informed.

Metaknight could tell without a doubt that Kirby managed to, his Galaxia proved it with the slight wear on the gem. Metaknight patted the sleeping pink paladin on the head, proud of his victory and courage. This little warrior was growing to be the best and he was very proud he was having a part to this.

"Kirby really cares about Metaknight," Fumu giggled fondly at the scene.

"And we saw how much Metaknight really cared today!" Bun exclaimed pretty loudly like he was aiming to embarrass.

He did, but there was no way to prove it behind that mask of his.

End.

Thank you so much for your reviews as I posted the chapters one by one! C: